

MARY HARTMAN,
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #28

by
ANN MARCUS
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FINAL DRAFT
1/13/76

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
GEORGE	PHIL BRUNS
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
CATHY	DEBRALEE SCOTT
STEVE	ED BEGLEY, JR.
MAE OLINSKI	SALOME JENS
SAL BABBITAGLIA	
DR. HASTINGS	HOWARD MORTON
MALE CUSTOMER (MR. JOE SMITH)	

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ACT ONESCENE 1SHUMWAY KITCHEN - MORNING

GEORGE AND MARTHA AT BREAKFAST.

MARTHA

George, eat your reconstituted egg.

GEORGE

I'm eating it. You're not eating yours.

MARTHA

Well, you're never hungry -- that's why!

GEORGE, STARING AT HER; SHE'S CLEARLY
UPSET.

CATHY

(TEARING THROUGH THE KITCHEN) 'Bye,
everybody! I'm late!

GEORGE

(AS CATHY KISSES HIM ON THE TOP OF THE
HEAD) 'Bye, sweetheart. Have a good day.

MARTHA

(EYES NARROWING, AS CATHY LEAPS AT THE
DOOR) Young lady, don't you move.

GEORGE

What do you mean, don't move? She's
going to work.

MARTHA

Not until I see what's under that coat.

CATHY

My clothes!

GEORGE

She takes after my side of the family,
Martha. Not after your father.

MARTHA

I have my suspicions. If I'm wrong, I'll
apologize.

GEORGE

Go on, honey. Show your mother she's
wrong.

MARTHA.

I want to see how a respectable girl
dresses for a job in a massage parlor.

GEORGE

Martha, you have to trust young people,
or they'll never learn the meaning of
trust.

CATHY

Oh, Daddy, you're so right! 'Bye!

(AGAIN GRABBING THE DOOR)

MARTHA

Cathy! Freeze! I want to see what's under
that coat.

VERY RELUCTANTLY, ALMOST EMBARRASSED,
CATHY STANDS AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND
UNTIES HER WRAP-AROUND COAT. UNDER-
NEATH A VERY SKIMPY SARONG. MARTHA'S
MOUTH DROPS OPEN.

CATHY

I was gonna change there. But like I said, I'm late.

MARTHA

(OUTRAGED) George, do you see that?

GEORGE

(CATHY STARING AT HIM PITIABLY) Well, I think... I think it's... Cathy, you're cute as a button!

CATHY

(TO MARTHA) There! You see?

MARTHA

George!

GEORGE

I don't see what all the fuss is about. It's just a uniform.

CATHY

That's all.

GEORGE

And certainly a heckuva lot easier to look at than those starchy white nurse things!

CATHY

Oh, Daddy, I love you! (ANOTHER KISS)
You're so understanding!

GEORGE

(TO MARTHA) I mean, that's her job, isn't it? To ease away tired muscles and tension?

MARTHA

(SARCASTICALLY) On a clear day, you can
see the end of your nose.

GEORGE

(TO CATHY) You go ahead, honey.

A FINAL KISS AND SHE'S GONE, HALF A
DIRTY LOOK TO MARTHA.

MARTHA

My daughter, the physical therapist.

GEORGE

Well, you always wanted her to have a
profession.

MARTHA

But not the world's oldest.

FADE OUT

ACT TWOSCENE 2THE PLANT - MORNING

GEORGE NURSING A CUP OF COFFEE, AS
TOM COMES IN, GETS A CUP OF COFFEE
AND SITS DOWN NEXT TO HIM.

TOM

Sure was rough on the line this morning.

GEORGE

No rougher than yesterday.

TOM

Well, with that guy Hillgate from the
union...

GEORGE

Look, Tom, if you wanna talk about Mary,
just talk about Mary.

TOM

Who says I wanna talk about Mary?

GEORGE

You wanna talk about Hillgate?

TOM

No. I wanna talk about Mary.

GEORGE

I just don't know if I wanna talk about
Mary with you.

TOM

After what I've done.

GEORGE

And I'm sure I don't know the half of it.

TOM

The thing is, George, I love her.

GEORGE

The thing is you don't deserve to love her.

TOM

I know, I'm rotten.

GEORGE

Well, I wouldn't say you were rotten...
But I've been married almost three times
as long as you, and in all that time I
never gave my wife anything more infectious
than a kiss --

TOM

Hadda twist the knife.

GEORGE

What I'm saying is I don't know how to
patch up something that's completely outa
my league. But if you really mean what
you say about saving your marriage --

TOM

I do, George, I swear it!

GEORGE

Well, the plant's got that counselor --

TOM

Gilroy?

GEORGE

Lots of guys talk out their problems with him. Not that he's ever done anyone any good, to the best of my knowledge. But if you really love Mary --

TOM

I do. More than anything.

GEORGE

Then that's your answer. (TURNING TO THE COFFEE MACHINE TO GET ANOTHER CUP)

MAE

(BREEZING IN, GEORGE'S BACK TO HER, SO SHE DOESN'T SEE HIM) Tom? I just wanted to thank you for dinner last night. I mean, for coming over to my place and having dinner with me.

TOM

(SINKING, PAINED) Yeah, well...

(GEORGE TURNING AWAY FROM THE MACHINE; MAE SEES HIM)

MAE

Oh, George...

TOM REACTS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 3MESSAGE PARLOR ENTRY

CATHY HURRYING IN, MET BY SAL
BABBITAGLIA, THE MANAGER, AT THE
DESK.

SAL

Well, there she is, my little cupcake-
honey!

CATHY

I'm really sorry I'm late --

SAL

Don't worry about it. We've been pretty
slow so far --

CATHY

(TAKING OFF HER COAT) The wrap-around's
a little tight.

SAL

Looks great. (PINCHING HER CHEEK) And
you're just as cute as a button.

CATHY

That's what my father said. But you
know what my mother said?

SAL

No. What?

CATHY

Well, she implied that... gee, I don't
know how to say this, Mr. Babbitaglia...

SAL

Come on -- I'm a concerned human bein' --
you can tell me anythin'.

CATHY

Well, my mother thinks your business here may not be respectable.

SAL

What? (LAUGHS) That's a hot one, ain't it? Look, lemme tell ya somethin' my mother taught me. Hard work never killed no one. Now you just think of me as your old man, and we'll get along just great.

CATHY

Except I'm a little nervous.

SAL

Don't worry about it.

CATHY

I mean, seeing as how it's my first day --

SAL

A little blush makes you even cuter.

CATHY

And I've never done any professional massaging.

SAL

You'll do just fine.

CATHY

I always thought you had to have some sort of training or something.

SAL

Don't worry about it. You've got more than enough of what it takes.

CATHY

I do?

SAL

I can tell, and I'm an expert.

CATHY

Well, if you say so...

SAL

I'll just take you into your own special
private room...

HE GESTURES TOWARD A CUBICLE

CATHY

(PANICKING) Private? How private?

FADE OUT

ACT THREESCENE 4CATHY'S CUBICLE

A SINK, A SCREEN AND A MASSAGE TABLE.
CATHY SITTING ON THE TABLE, TWIDDLING
HER THUMBS, A LITTLE ANXIOUS, BUT
TRYING TO BE CHEERFUL. A PUDGY,
MIDDLE-AGED, STRIDENT-VOICED, BUT
MILD-MANNER MAN STICKS HIS HEAD IN.

CUSTOMER

Miss Cathy? (SHE JUMPS)

CATHY

Who?

CUSTOMER

I'm sorry, I must have the wrong room.

CATHY

No, I'm Miss Cathy. I mean, Cathy.

(SMILING) Come on in. You're...?

CUSTOMER

Smith. Mr. Smith. (HE'S CARRYING A SMALL
VALISE) You must be new here?

CATHY

Does it show?

CUSTOMER

Only in the sweetest possible way.

CATHY

I hope they told you, I'm not very experienced.

CUSTOMER

I don't think that'll matter in the least little bit. Just so long as you're willing.

CATHY

Willing to what?

CUSTOMER

The truth is I don't like pro's much. Make you feel like a quick-order hamburger patty. (BIG SMILE)

CATHY

(TRYING TO SMILE BACK) Well, would you like to step behind the sheet and get screened. I mean, step behind the screen and get undressed and into your sheet?

CUSTOMER

Whoa, whoa, whoa there, little filly. Now isn't that putting the cart before the horse?

CATHY

The what?

CUSTOMER

I'm Mr. Smith. Mr. Joe Smith? I'm a regular around here.

CATHY

A regular what?

CUSTOMER

Haven't they told you about me?

CATHY

Told me what?

CUSTOMER

Well, I don't start out getting undressed.

We start out by having you get dressed!

(SEEMS REAL PLEASED WITH HIMSELF AS HE
HOLDS FORTH THE SUITCASE)

CATHY

Huh?

CUSTOMER

(OPENING THE VALISE) Nothing to be
alarmed about. Just a pretty little
meter maid's uniform.

CATHY

(CLEARLY ALARMED) Excuse me -- I mean,
I'll be... I mean, you just... (AND
SHE'S GONE)

CUSTOMER

(CALLING AFTER) I'll bet you'll look
real cute in it. You'll see, they'll
tell you -- Joe Smith? Oh, sure -- he's
a regular.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5

MESSAGE PARLOR ENTRY

CATHY DITZING UP AND URGENTLY WHISPERING
TO BABBITAGLIA.

CATHY

Mr. Babbitaglia --

SAL

Sal.

CATHY

I'm really sorry --

SAL

How come you're not in your meter maid uniform?

CATHY

The thing is this man wants me to get into this meter maid uniform... (SHE STOPS) You mean, you know?

SAL

Sure -- Joe Smith's a regular.

CATHY

That's what he said.

SAL

It's harmless. All the girls know about Joe. And the... uniform.

CATHY

But what has it got to do with giving him a massage?

SAL

What has it not got to do with it?

CATHY

What?

SAL

Nothing. So why not go along?

CATHY

It's just so creepy!

SAL

You think meter maids are creepy?

CATHY

No, but the way he asked and that
valise --

SAL

(SURPRISED AT HER REACTION) He's always
very polite.

CATHY

He was polite, I guess --

SAL

Then what's the problem?

CATHY

(HESITATES A SECOND) Look, can I ask
you a question?

SAL

Sure.

CATHY

And get an honest answer?

HE SHURGS. WHAT OTHER ANSWER COULD
HE GIVE?

CATHY (CONT'D)

Good. Because I wanna know if this is a
regular place where people get... you
know, the regular?

SAL

(COAXING) Honey... if you was a waitress, would you be takin' every coffee order the same? 'Course not. Some want black. Some want cream, no sugar. Some half and half. And that's the way it is with massages. No two customers want it the same. After a while, you'll love the differences. Breaks the monotony.

CATHY REACTS.

FADE OUT

ACT FOURSCENE 6HAGGERS' L.R. - AFTERNOON

MARY, GOOD NEIGHBOR THAT SHE IS, IS TRYING TO CLEAN UP THIS TERRIBLE MESS.

MARY

Whistle while you work, da da da da
da da da --

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND TOM COMES IN.

TOM

(SURPRISED TO SEE HER) Hello.

MARY

What are you doing here?

TOM

No -- you're supposed to say 'hello' first.

MARY

I'm not going to say hello first, last,
or at all. You're supposed to be at the
plant.

TOM

I came home to get cleaned up.

MARY

For Mae? Not that I care.

TOM

You care.

MARY

It's just that you seem to be spending
so much time with her --

TOM

You're glad to see me.

MARY

Oh, is that what I am? Glad? I'm glad
you told me.

TOM

In fact, that's probably why you're over
here. Because you knew I'd come in --

MARY

I'm over here because Charlie Haggars is
my best friend's husband, and my best friend
is in the hopsital -- I mean, proof? You
want proof? I'm only cleaning half the
house. Charlie's half. You can live
in any kind of mess you want.

TOM

You see how upset you're getting? That
proves you care.

MARY

Oh, yeah?

TOM

Yeah. (MOVING CLOSER)

MARY

Just don't come any closer?

TOM

Admit it -- you miss me as much as I miss you, and you wanted to see me.

MARY

The ego...! The incredible male ego...!

TOM

It's the truth.

MARY

You wanna know how much truth it is. I'll tell you how much truth it is. It is so untrue I'm not even watching My Mother's Dreams.

TOM

What's Martha's dreams got to do with anything?

MARY

On Channel Seven. Don't you remember anything? When you were home with the flu? Joan was facing brain surgery, and everyone was afraid to tell her that Brad was out of jail and threatening to fight for custody of their illegitimate child because of Joan's drug problem!

TOM

You're so rattled you don't even know what you're saying.

MARY

Me? Rattled? Ha!

TOM

Because you wanted to see me, and I called you on it.

MARY

I'm just trying to refresh your memory
about My Mother's Martha... (HEARS IT,
BUT DOESN'T CORRECT HERSELF)

TOM

You missed some dust on that table.

MARY

That's your side of the house. The dust
stays.

TOM

You wanna watch me get cleaned up?

MARY

For a date with Mae? I hope you shave
with a dull blade.

TOM

For my date with the plant counselor.

MARY

What's she like?

TOM

Bob Gilroy.

MARY

Oh, Tom, I never would have thought
you...

TOM

(LOUD) To discuss our marriage. Because
I miss you and love you and want to be with
you. You see, I'm not too proud or afraid
to say it.

MARY

What am I supposed to do? Say
congratulations because you can forgive
yourself for what you did to me?

TOM

Come with me -- the three of us'll talk
it over.

MARY

Oh, no -- I had to go through that whole
embarrassing ordeal to get my shots. I'm
not going to go through it all over again
with anybody at the plant. Goodbye, Tom.
(AND COLLECTING HER ENDDUST AND REGINA
ELECTRIC BROOM, SHE GOES. TOM FUMING)

CUT TO:

SCENE 7

CATHY'S CUBICLE

MR. SMITH SITTING ON THE MASSAGE
TABLE TWIDDLING HIS THUMBS, A BROAD
SMILE PLANTED FIRMLY ON HIS FACE.

CUSTOMER

Almost ready?

CATHY

(BEHIND THE SCREEN) Just a second.

CUSTOMER

Do you need any help?

CATHY

Oh, no -- that's fine. (AND SHE EMERGES
IN HER METER MAID'S UNIFORM, AWKWARDLY)
Well?

CUSTOMER

Very nice. Very nice indeed. (STANDING)
I'll bet it makes you feel... different.

CATHY

Actually, if you want to know the truth,
it makes me feel a little...

CUSTOMER

What?

CATHY

Silly.

CUSTOMER

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. I thought you were
going to say that it made you feel like...

CATHY

(ALMOST AFRAID TO ASK) What?

CUSTOMER

Like writing out a big, fat... ticket!
(FOLLOWED BY A LITTLE LAUGH)

CATHY

Oh, yeah -- well, to tell the truth, I
hadn't thought of it quite like that.

CUSTOMER

It's all right. You have to warm up.
(REACHING FOR HIS VALISE)

CATHY

For what? I mean, what's in there?

CUSTOMER

Now, don't be so anxious. You'll see. It's
just another little surprise.

CATHY

I don't like surprises. I mean, don't you think it's time to get into your sheet?

CUSTOMER

Sheet? (FUMBLING WITH VALISE)

CATHY

You know, take off your shirt. I'm really very good with neck muscles.

CUSTOMER

I'm sure you are. But how about something a little different this time? (AS HE PRODUCES FOUR FEET OF RUBBER HOSE.

CATHY, GASPING, TAKES ONE LOOK AND RUNS)

CUSTOMER

Miss Cathy? Miss Cathy... now you come back here!

FADE OUT

ACT FIVESCENE 8LORETTA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

CHARLIE WAITING, PACING, AS DR.
HASTINGS COMES IN.

CHARLIE

Hey, Doc -- where's Loretta?

HASTINGS

Just simmer down, Mr. Haggars.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I'm simmered, but they told me
twenty minutes, and it's almost an hour.

HASTINGS

Got a good watch there?

CHARLIE

Yeah, a Timex. What's that got --

HASTINGS

Well, you must be awfully proud of it's
accuracy, if you keep checking --

CHARLIE

I wanna know what's going on.

HASTINGS

X-rays, Mr. Haggars.

CHARLIE

I know that --

HASTINGS

You know, my wife gave me one of these French chronometers. I told her a watch is a watch --

CHARLIE

What kind of X-rays? I mean, whatcha been findin'?

HASTINGS

All right, Mr. Haggars, I won't beat around the bush.

CHARLIE

I hope not --

HASTINGS

It doesn't look good.

CHARLIE

What doesn't look good?

HASTINGS

But that doesn't mean I want you to give up hope.

CHARLIE

No, of course, I won't give up hope --

HASTINGS

It's just that we've been doing a number of follow-up tests, trying to check and re-check --

CHARLIE

Check and re-check what?

HASTINGS

And the prognosis is still the same.

CHARLIE

Yeah -- but what's gonna happen to
Loretta?

HASTINGS

I'm afraid, Mr. Hagers, and I'd like to
find some easy way of saying this...

CHARLIE

Just say it.

HASTINGS

That your Mrs. will be a cripple for
the rest of her life.

CHARLIE

(HEAVING A SIGH OF RELIEF) Well, you
almost scared me there for a minute, doc.

HASTINGS

I don't think you understood me, Mr.
Hagers.

CHARLIE

I understood you -- it's just that I know
my Loretta, and I know that diagnosis --

HASTINGS

Prognosis.

CHARLIE

Hypnosis, whatever -- I just know that's
the most ridiculous hogwash I ever heard
in my life. (HASTINGS STARING GRIM AND
FRUSTRATED, AS CHARLIE SMILES)

CUT TO:

SCENE 9SHUMWAY KITCHEN

MARTHA IRONING, AND TALKING TO HER
IRONING AS SHE IRONS.

MARTHA

Don't stick. You are a no-stick spray
starch, and I will not have you stick.

GEORGE

(HAVING A BEER) Don't talk to ironing,
Martha. It can't hear you.

MARTHA

But if I don't talk to it, George, it'll
bunch up on your boxer shorts.

GEORGE

You're starching my shorts?

MARTHA

Just a little so they fold flat in the
drawer.

CATHY TEARING IN, STILL WEARING HER
METER MAID UNIFORM, UNDER HER COAT,
VERY UPSET, SITS DOWN AT THE TABLE
WITHOUT SAYING A WORD, NOT LOOKING
AT ANYBODY.

MARTHA

Hello, honey. Back from work so soon --?

GEORGE

(GENTLY, A LITTLE WORRIED) Aren't you
going to say hello or anything?

CATHY

Hello. (STARTS TO CRY)

MARTHA

She was fired.

CATHY

I wasn't fired.

MARTHA

I knew she didn't have enough experience to be a physical therapist.

GEORGE

She said she wasn't fired, Martha.

(STEVE COMING IN, SMILING AND WAVING
'HI' TO EVERYBODY)

MARTHA

They had a fight.

GEORGE

How can they have a fight? They can't even talk to each other. (TO STEVE) I'm sorry about that. (STEVE SHRUGS IT OFF, MOVES TO CATHY; HE KNEELS DOWN NEAR HER CHAIR AND WRITES A NOTE. SHE READS IT, WRITES BACK)

MARTHA

What are they saying? What? (STEVE HANDS HER THE NOTE) Oh, dear. (HANDS IT TO GEORGE)

GEORGE

(TO CATHY) You quit? But why? You thought it was gonna be such a good job.

CATHY

(BLURTING IT OUT) Because they made me feel stupid and humiliated and cheap!

GEORGE

(ON HIS FEET) Who did!

CATHY

(ALSO STANDING, TAKING OFF HER COAT)

The men who made me put on this!

MARTHA

A meter maid? I thought you were going
to be a physical therapist?

CATHY

(BAWLING) So did I! But then they took
me into this cubicle and gave me four
feet of rubber hose... (STEVE TAKING HER
IN HIS ARMS SO SHE CAN CRY ON HIS SHOULDER
OR CHEST, WHEREVER SHE REACHES)

GEORGE

Okay... (EXPLOSIVE, BUT CONTROLLED) Just
tell me the name of that place and where
it is... (GETTING A BASEBALL BAT) And
I'll kill 'em!

CATHY

Moana-Pua Massage on Fourth at Miller Road.

GEORGE

(QUIETLY) I'm gonna kill 'em.

MARTHA

Just don't be late for dinner, dear.

(HE'S GONE) No, that's not what I meant
to say. George! (CHASING AFTER) Oh,
dear! Oh, my goodness! I just know
someone's going to get hurt!

END EPISODE #28

FADE OUT